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Electra



avengers

superhero

103 8 13

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I am the world's greatest villian.

I am the Avengers' newest superhero.

I am a double agent.

I work for S.H.I.E.L.D.

I work for H.Y.D.R.A.

I am a deadly assassin.

I am a protector of the good.

I am Kat Roman.

I am Ekaterina Romanoff.

Who am I?

I am Electra.

Chapter 2 by R



You may have wondered how I became involved in such a complicated mess of who I am. That is not what I am going to talk about.

I'm going to talk about Electra.

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I don't know when I first met
had little need to teach us

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survivor of a family cursed by the gods.

America—the Red Room
ed by tragedy, the lone

I'm not exactly certain if that is why I related to her so much.

Princess of Mycenae. Daughter of Agamemnon and Clymnestra. So many tales told about the tragedy of her family, the tragedy of her life. So many tears shed for Electra.

None shed for me.

Electra's father was murdered. I could not tell you my own father's fate, or my own father's name. Too many thoughts in my head, too many memories that are not my own. I have given Electra's story to many in place of my own. It seems no one remembers her, now. Does everyone fade from history thusly?

Electra killed her mother, albeit with assistance. I have killed so many. Could I have killed my own mother? I do not doubt it. Even before the Room I had always been hardened.

I'd named myself after her, in a way, while I still lived in Russia. Ekatrina Klementyevna Romanoff. Electra Clymnestra Roman.

People have asked about my name. I share it with Shield and Hydra, after all, and in the end they always ask about her. Natalia Alianova. The Black Widow. As if the most common Russian surname marks us as relatives. We are siblings, just not by blood. We are siblings under the room.

No matter.

Electra's brother was cursed by his mother's dying wished, hounded by the furies until he killed himself. Electra's sister was killed by their father so as to bring good winds on the way to Troy.

Electra lived.

I live.

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That is what led me to becoming a superhero, and a supervillain, on the very same day.

Chapter 3 by Mason Lee



Only H.Y.D.R.A. knows my secrets.

They now about how the streak in my hair shows my intentions

Red for anger.

Yellow for happiness.

Blue for sadness.

White for evil.

No one knows what purple signifies.

All of these are colors of lightning.

That's my power, by the way.

Lightning.

I shoot it out of my fingertips, like Darth Sidious/ Emperor Palpatine in Star Wars.

My lightning has been the death of many.

And not all of them deserved it.

Chapter 4 by tiltedgypz



I guess I am one of the few who found the real identity of Electra, indeed, she has many secrets. In my days of youth, I ran with those who lived only in the shadows, the ever lasting memories of some, chosen to seek only justice, the TELMS, riders on the storms that forever move across the galaxies, always remaining shaded in the clouds of mystery that have always hidden them well. They remain allied to none, but their own. For the ancient secrets they have been chosen to keep, hold the power to create, or destroy all that has been created by the Gods, the Gods fear them, their HYDRA, can not protect them nor can SHIELD cover them, some believe they have sealed there own doom by creating junctions, that do not fit in the movement and precise motions of the universe. They say it was meant to keep the entire universe from finding harmony, or balance if you will, thus by creating and keeping it in chaos, with no one in agreement on how to fix the eractic behavior, nor find balance, to place things back in the

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them seeking the next, for all must be aligned perfectly, to restore its ancient power hidden in time, buried in the sands of Destiny. The riders must find it first, or all will be lost to the wills and nature of men. Foolish and arrogant men, who's wealth they feel is an unscalable fortress. But now with those they've discovered, forever existing from the noble ancients, daughters, born with power to do good, or evil, deception has kept them safe, from the TELMS, until now, for one, has finally, been found.

Chapter 5 by Mason Lee



I don't think they ever knew it was me while I was with them. I surely didn't. Their crazy story sounded more like a myth, something out of a fairy tale. I guess that was why I so desperately wanted to believe it, to finally have one piece of fantasy to cling to during the harsh reality of my life. It was them who gave me the name I was to use many years later: Katherine, meaning pure, clear. And indeed, that was what I was to them, an innocent young child untouched by men yet oblivious to even the thought of their elemental secrets. I was a refreshing change for them, a light in the darkness. They tried to recruit me to their search permanently, and I was naive enough that I almost joined. They were so accepting of me, so nonjudgmental. For once, someone seemed to care for me.

I don't know when I realized it wasn't me they cared for.

It was her.

Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8

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